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Contents.

EDITORIAL. PAGE.

Notes 81
The Western Director Again 81
The Alamo City.—J. R. E. 81
The New Orthodoxy and the Old Orthodoxy.—L 82
The Tower Hill Summer Assembly.—E. T. L 82
Men and Things 82

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

I Shall Not Be Afraid.—HELEN N. PACKARD. 83
A Circumstance of Matter.—W. A. CRAM 83
Grit and Stubbornness.—A. B. CURTIS. 83

CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.

Mid-Week Religious Meetings.—MRS. A. O. SMITH 84
THE STUDY TABLE 85
NOTES FROM THE FIELD 86
THE HOME 87
ANNOUNCEMENTS 88

Editorial.

UNITY hopes always to do its part toward the support of law and order, but those terms are often invoked for senseless and unjust ends. We have in mind a new invention, the printed illustration of which lies before us in a clipping from one of the daily press. It has been baptized "The Police Gatling Gun." It is a small piece of ordnance, easily carried in a police patrol wagon, of about seventy-five pounds weight, with six barrels and a "feed" warranting the firing of eight hundred shots per minute. It is designed for the dispersal of mobs, and has a greater death-dealing power, the inventor proudly tells us, than a whole company of infantry. Truly, there are some triumphs in science and so-called civilization that seem animated by as barbarous a spirit as any of the territorizing devices of the Middle Ages. Probably the Police Gatling Gun will never be brought into use; but if it ever is, we venture the prediction that where it destroys anarchy at the rate of eight hundred shots a minute, such shots will prove the germinating seed for a harvest of another crop that will have to be computed in figures of thousands instead of hundreds.

MR. MANGASARIAN of the Ethical Culture Society has been saying some things on the subject of patriotism lately: "Patriotism is that which is pledged to the *ideal* of one's native country." "Barbarism is that state where the forces, external and internal, dominate man; civilization that state where man dominates the forces. . . . America may be said to be the daughter of an idea—which was in the head of Columbus, in the heads of the Pilgrims, in the heads of the Revolutionary fathers, and in our own heads to-day; it is the *Home*-country of the world."

BISHOP POTTER, in the last *Forum*, writing on American Cathedrals, condemns our system of pew-rentals in strong terms, pronouncing our country's history in religious worship and religious buildings as exceptional as it is inconsistent. No other land bears such universal testimony in the administration of its church life, and especially in this feature of the rented pew, to the "inflexible supremacy of the spirit of caste." No other institution so directly contradicts the principle of social and human equality laid down in the New Testament as the American church, the "modern pewed church," as the bishop calls it. He quotes what Mr. Webster once said, that it would be a sufficient evidence of the divine origin of Christianity if it could survive being preached in "tub pulpits," and adds it will be a still stronger evidence if it survive "the enormous incongruity of the pew system."

THE recent school elections in this state contained a new element of interest in the fact that women are now permitted to vote for school directors. The return showed that women responded to the call with commendable promptness and in sufficient numbers to refute the charge that they do not care for the ballot. The Chicago *Graphic*, speaking of the elections, condemns the knowledge shown by women in some localities of the methods pertaining to ward politics, but we are inclined to think that abuses of this kind were the exception rather than the rule. The *Graphic* is right, however, in the statement that "before female suffrage can be a success women must learn to know that the interests of good men and women are identical." It hopes for the time, as we do, when "lofty patriotism" will supplant "pride in sex," and thinks women have to outlive the excitement incident to recently-acquired privileges, before they can use them for best ends, or to their own true enlightenment.

THE needlessness of the suffering and waste of life induced by the Russian famine impresses us anew when we read that a sum equivalent to seventy cents a month is sufficient for the average peasant's needs. So enormous is the population that even upon this basis the cost of the support of all the sufferers for ten months would reach $7,000,000. The writer, Hon. Charles E. Smith, in the *North American Review*, denies the charge of indifference made against the emperor, claiming that not only has he pushed forward governmental measures of relief, but that he has made liberal donations from his private purse. The proprietary class as a rule, he tells us, have proved worthy of their responsible position, single families sometimes taking care of as many as 20,000 people. The women of the privileged classes have been especially devoted, nursing the sick and leaving their homes to face dangers and hardships before unknown. Thus, with all that may be said in just criticism of the present state of things, the peculiar evils of the civilization fostering them, it is good to know that here, no more than elsewhere, is human nature as black as it is painted.

SOME mention should have been before made in these columns of the work of the new leader of the Ethical Culture Society, Mr. Mangasarian. Mr. Mangasarian was favorably known to the society before receiving a call to the leadership, having often occupied its platform, his earnestness and eloquence as a speaker having always won high ecomiums. The present attendance on the Sunday morning lectures is large and enthusiastic; and it is to the credit of this society that the loss of such a man as its first leader, Mr. Salter, should have had no discouraging effect, but that the worth of his teachings was proved anew in the continued resolution of the members to carry on the movement so worthily begun. Mr. Mangasarian has the good wishes of all who know him. The work which he has in charge is an essential part of the liberal religious movement, though it does not call itself by that name. For that, and for the practical benefits resulting from it in many ways, it should receive the sympathy and confidence of all progressive minds.

THE return of Rev. Dr. Spalding to the church of his choice, the Episcopal, after a brief period within the Roman Catholic, has been made the subject of many jesting and satirical comments by the press, religious and secular, but for our part we find nothing in it to laugh at and something to praise. It is not likely Dr. Spalding made this change without a deep and painful struggle. To our thinking it required more courage to admit this mistake, and take this seemingly backward step, than to take the first. These sudden and swift changes may show an impulsive and vacillating mind but they also show a brave and honest one. The fact that Dr. Spalding has made no public statement of the reason prompting his second change should council respectful silence on the part of his critics. A man had better change his profession of faith every month than remain in a false position a single day. Those who think a man should abide the choices he makes in the line of religious work and belief should study Doré's picture of the Novitiate, and and see what some such choices signify.

The Western Director Again.

A correspondent asks if UNITY urges the nomination and election of John R. Effinger upon the A. U. A. board because he is the official representative of the Western Conference? Of course we do! And we shall continue to make this reasonable and just demand until the principle of fair representation be again recognized by the association that claims to represent American Unitarianism. This it does not adequately do as long as it refuses to recognize in any official way the oldest, most active and influential organization within its territory, particularly inasmuch as recognition was withdrawn on account of a vote taken in Cincinnati in 1880 reiterating the open fellowship of the Unitarian position. This correspondent has been appeased, he tells us, by an assurance from some quarter that Mr. Effinger is "no longer the Secretary of the Western Conference and that this election would simply be a personal tribute to a sick man." We know not what warrant any one has to make such a statement. But we do know that this does not reflect the thought or wishes of the influential friends in the East and West who have urged the name of Mr. Effinger upon the committee. Such an evasion, as it seems to us, of the true issue before the A. U. A. is both unprofitable and unfair to all parties concerned.

The Alamo City.

(*Concluded.*)

As the days go on and we get deeper and deeper into the life of the town, the charm and the wonder of it grow upon us. For some reason or other education in respect to the history and conditions of this part of our great country has been sadly neglected, but this neglect after all, has given new zest to our impressions and new eagerness to our researches into the traditions, quite venerable for this new world of America, which lie behind the sights and sounds that greet us in our daily walks and drives.

Just two hundred years, Old Time has been at work in San Antonio de Baxar,* and many are the changes, the revolutions, the contentions of race with race, the thrilling scenes of valor and heroic self-sacrifice, through which the life of the city has been moulded. First a little Spanish outpost composed of a few soldiers to watch against the *possible* depredations of prowling Frenchmen who might be seeking the silver mines of New Mexico, and a few Franciscan Brothers, commissioned to civilize and Christianize the native tribes, and bring them under the beneficent sway of their Catholic majesties, the king of Spain and the holy father at Rome. But want and hardship, and the cruelty and rapacity of savages who did not take kindly to the invitation of their self-appointed spiritual guides, soon caused a temporary abandonment of the post, delaying the permanent occupation of the place some twenty years or so, until a new alarm concerning French movements brought another detachment of soldiers and monks from Mexico to stand guard over Spanish claims in Texas; the soldier and the monk, the man of the sword and the bearer of the cross still keeping company after the manner of these pioneer times; the soldier for defense, the monk for the humanities and the arts of peace. In the course of ten or fifteen years there rose on the banks of the San Antonio, extending several miles out of the town, a line of Missions, four in number,

*Pronounced Bayhar.

each a combination of church, convent and garrison. Workmen and artists were brought from Spain to build them in stately old world fashion and adorn them with pictures, statues and carvings. For eighty years they stood fronting the wilderness, the inspiration of awe and worship in the devout, of wonder and curiosity in the wild tribes that roamed the country. The bells rang out for matins and vespers, for feast days and fast days, or tolled the solemn requiem for the departing soul of a brother; the murmur of the litany, the monotonous repetition of chant and prayer went on through the dragging years. For life was set to a slow measure during that century of Spanish rule in San Antonio, and converts were not made by thousands in a day, as in the times of Charlemagne—that doughty evangelist of central Europe. The historian of the time tells us that in fifty years there were bare seven hundred and fifty "converted Indians" in the whole province of Texas. There was no want of zeal on the part of the Franciscan Brothers. They labored hard to make Christians out of the captive Indians, who were turned over to them as fast as they were caught. But Father Marest declared that the conversion of the Indians was "a miracle of the Lord's mercy," and "that it was necessary for us to transform them into men and afterwards labor to make them Christians."

Near the close of the eighteenth century all these Missions were secularized, the brothers scattered to more hopeful fields, the lands parceled out to settlers and converted Indians, and the Jesuit brothers sleeping in their little grassy inclosures in the shadow of the scarred and broken walls, are not more dead and gone than the old life that was begun here two hundred years ago.

The advent of the nineteenth century brought in new elements of life that were destined to be felt. Louisiana passed from the ownership of France to that of the United States in 1803. Into the Alamo, now transformed from a Mission to a purely military post, the Spanish officials, from time to time, marched a little group of United States citizens, whose love of trade or adventure had brought them into the southwestern wilds. And here begins the story of the Alamo, which played so conspicuous a part in the history of Texas in the first half of this century, and which must be held over for yet another letter if UNITY readers will so far indulge me. J. R. E.

The New Orthodoxy and the Old Orthodoxy.

The New World, successor of the *Unitarian Review*, which comes to make a place for itself among us, and from which we have much to expect, contains articles from the standpoint of "the new orthodoxy," and a keen criticism of that position by Edward H. Hall. Whether the blessing and the bane, or the poison and the antidote will get on well together, we shall know better by and by. But if we may judge from an editorial in the *Christian Union*, the lion of the new orthodoxy is by no means ready as yet, to lie down with the lamb of Unitarianism.

To be sure Mr. Hall is characterized as "a radical Unitarian." This is of course saying about the hardest thing possible of a preacher of this order. Still, if we mistake not, he has had Dr. A. P. Peabody, and other good conservative clergymen as members of his church at Cambridge for many years. We trust this has nothing to do with the form of the complaint made against him, which at first thought may seem paradoxical: "Mr. Hall is a quarter of a century behind the times."

We are inclined however to accept this statement; or rather, we should do so if it were made strong enough. Instead of modestly intimating that he is "a quarter of a century behind the times," we should say that from the standpoint of the *Christian Union* he is at least seventeen hundred years behind the times; for that must have been the time when the New Theology men "asked and answered the questions" which Mr. Hall raises. At least they were asked and answered then to their entire satisfaction.

For example, there is no doubt in the mind of the new orthodoxy that John wrote the Fourth Gospel. This is settled. No further investigation is needed. Ezra Abbot, as great a Greek scholar as the world has produced, should have settled this question for any one so belated as Mr. Hall. "Has any Ignatius Donnelly that happens along, a right to require the whole world of Shakspearian scholars to reopen the question of the authorship of 'Hamlet,' as though it had never been investigated?"

Then, the new orthodoxy has no doubt about the resurrection of Lazarus. All are agreed about that, and as for the resurrection of Jesus, why, no fact in ancient history has better evidence. The testimony is "entirely adequate and convincing." Nothing more need be said about it. All that modern science has to do with regard to anything claiming to be miraculous or supernatural, is simply to examine the witnesses.

Then, what has become of the views of Baur and Strauss and the whole Tübingin school? Outgrown, exploded of course. (We think we have heard this before.) "Is it not a trifle absurd . . . to ask the New Theology men why they do not investigate the theories of Baur and the Tübingen school?" Especially when Prof. George P. Fisher declares that even in Germany "the fundamental tenets of the Tübingen critics are pretty generally forsaken?"

This is a specimen of the things "settled" according to the "new orthodoxy." More might be added from other sources. And when the catalogue of articles is complete—well, it will be a long way astray from old-fashioned Calvinism. It will not be half so inhuman and diabolical. But it will be an "orthodoxy" still, and so unsuited to really free minds, setting up limits to thought and investigation. Morally there is immense gain over the dogmas of the reformation; but ecclesiastically the difference between the New Orthodoxy and the Old Orthodoxy is, that it is stuck in another set of ruts—not quite so deep, perhaps, nor half so logical, which it will take less time, under the rains of modern thought, to wash out. L.

The Tower Hill Summer Assembly.

The prospects concerning the Summer Institute have now begun to take definite shape, and are here suggested that they may be further considered during conference week. The meetings of the coming season,—their location, date, character and leadership, their future relation to the Tower Hill Pleasure Company, and other essential points,—were actively discussed at the last directors' meeting of the W. U. S. S. Society.

Last year, at the business session of the Institute at Hillside, Wis., a committee of three was appointed by the president to investigate the field as to the most suitable place for holding the meetings this year. The appointment of this committee, at Mr. Sprague's suggestion and after a motion had been carried in favor of Hillside, was but just to the minority, and to the frank, friendly expression of difference of opinion regarding location which took place at that meeting. It was hoped that the committee, Mr. Sprague, Miss Gordon, and Miss Goos, the two former being chief among those who believed the good of the Institute could be better secured by rotating its location, would be able to make favorable report to the Board early in the winter, so that other plans could be made accordingly. But upon correspondence, it was found that no report could be made, as Mr. Sprague and Miss Gordon could not attend the Institute this year, and the committee had no plans to offer.

Matters, consequently, again gathered about Hillside. The Tower Hill Pleasure Company, made arrangements for a loan. This puts in a supply of water, and a reservoir on the summit of the hill with hydrants at different points for the cottages. It builds a pavilion having a main audience-room suitable for lecture or sociable purposes, one end of which is adapted to serve for class and conversational rooms. It also enables the company to build at once two or three "Long-houses" of several sections each, allowing three occupants to a section, upon the grounds for the use of renters, probably at the rate of two dollars and a half per week, and as many more will be erected as there is a demand for. Some parties have already engaged their sections, and paid their summer's rent in advance, thus aiding the company in the development of facilities. These, in addition to four or five private cottages which are going up, and arrangements for dining-hall (in charge of Mrs. Lackersteen and Mrs. Doud, of All Souls Church), for stable accommodations, washing at minimum prices, etc., will make it possible for guests to be better cared for than at either of the previous assemblies.

Some two weeks ago a plan for having the Institute at Grand Haven was presented by Mr. Root, and the feasibility of this, as compared with the Tower Hill plan, was thoroughly canvassed at the directors' meeting. They expressed, most sincerely, their wish to co-operate with those who favor other locations than Tower Hill, and they thoroughly appreciated the hospitable efforts of Mr. Root and his people, with the many attractive features of the invitation, but they still felt that it had come so late as to make its acceptance unfair to those who had now so far matured their plans at Tower Hill in the expectation of the Institute being held there.

Whether in the future the W. U. S. S. Society retains its relation to the Tower Hill Summer Assembly, already established and to be continued as such, or holds itself in readiness to inaugurate other centers of midsummer work, is a question for future action. Thus far it seems to be the mind of most of the directors that the probabilities of successful Summer Institutes lie strongest in the line of developing *one center first*, and as it grows, new ones will in time be started in other localities where there are those who are enough interested to take charge of the necessary arrangements. The midsummer Institute has never been an expense to the Society. Its fee of $2.00 for a ticket including all its sessions has covered everything, and left a little over. It has successfully inaugurated the "Six Years' Course of Study" which will reach its third year the coming season. Its work upon "The Growth of the Hebrew Nation" will be led by Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, of Grand Rapids. There will be evening lectures upon literary, World's Fair, and other topics, in the chapel at Hillside, but the morning sessions of the Institute, and whatever additional afternoon talks are given upon scientifi and other subjects, will be at Towe Hill.

Last summer a movement was se afoot to find forty friends who woul give $10.00 each toward erecting th pavilion, and the list is started. Ever such donation in addition to the fund which the company itself is able t put in, will add just so much to th facilities for these meetings.

It may be well to reiterate, in con clusion, that the interests of th Tower Hill Company and the W. U S. S. Society, while congenial, are i no wise identical, and the existenc and future of the former, will alway be independent of the action of th latter, however glad the company ma be of co-operation. E. T. L.

Men and Things.

LADY BLAKE, the wife of Sir Henry Arthur Blake, Governor of Jamaica, proposes as a memorial to Christopher Columbus the establishment of a marine biological station near Kingston, the capital of the island.

WE read that among the teachers of the public schools of Cleveland are six women of African descent, whose pupils are white. No two of these colored teachers are in the same building, and they get along well with their fellow-teachers and pupils.

IT is said that there is a rose-bush at Hildersheim, in Hanover, that was planted more than one thousand years ago by Charlemagne, in commemoration of a visit made by an ambassador from the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The bush is now 26 feet high.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, of Edinburg, though eighty-six years of age, has never worn a pair of spectacles, and for thirty years has had no need of medical advice. He attributes the vitality of his old age to his habit of living by an unvarying system. He does not go to bed till the clock strikes twelve, rises at half-past seven, and always after his midday meal takes an hour's nap.

ANDREW CARNEGIE was an errand boy in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company when thirteen years old. Within five years he was appointed chief operator of telegraphy, and a few years after bought a small iron foundry in partnership with his brother and laid the foundation of his present wealth, which he estimates as between $30,000,000 and $35,000,000.

MR. MOODY is to found a Bible Training Institute in Glasgow, similar to that in Chicago. It is said his work in this direction is represented on the foreign field by twenty-four workers, among the North American Indians by four, while nineteen are engaged in work in Chicago itself. The foreign workers are in Africa, India, China, Japan, Turkey, Persia and South and Central America.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE sent the following note of thanks to a good Christian lady who had sent him a present of a cheese, with a copy of Sankey's hymns carefully laid on the top:

"Blessed is she who hath done what she could
To make a lean man fat and a bad man good!
For the body, cheese—for the soul, Sankey,
For both,—Thank'ee!"

MR. GLADSTONE is reported as saying that the authors who have most influenced him are Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler. Scott is the first among novelist. He has nearly 20,000 books in his library, and as with all lovers of books, it is real pain to him to see one badly treated—dropped on the floor, squeezed into the bookcase, dog's-eared or laid open upon its face.

THE Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the new Archbishop of Westminster, is praised by his admirers as a total abstainer and a strong advocate of temperance. He is said to be a man of phenomenal energy, a firm believer in the utility of ministerial work outside of the pulpit, who has accomplished much for the condition of the houses of the poor in London and Manchester, and labors continually to alleviate the miseries of the sweating system.

AMONG other triumphs of electrical science, we read that the battle-field of Gettysburg will soon be made easily accessible by an electric railroad. The line is to take in all the important and historic points of the entire second and third day's fight. The length of the road will cover eight miles, and the cost will be about $170,000. Stations will be erected at most of the important points, and competent guides will be located there fully acquainted with the stirring events.

Contributed and Selected.

I Shall Not Be Afraid.

Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

I shall not be afraid
o meet the silent friend called death,
e will not come in threatening cloud
ith golden trumpet braying loud,
ith wild alarm and panting breath;
t like a gentle summer morn,
r breezes out of dreamland born,
r wind-blown breath of fragrant flower,
us will He come, and in that hour,
I shall not be afraid.

I shall not be afraid
hen the long night draws peaceful nigh,
nd gently fades the earth and sky;
or He who leads my wandering feet
er rock and fell, through cold and heat,
Through tempest and through calm,
ho gives me health, and grace and light,
nd strength by day, and peace by night,
Will bear me on his arm,
And thus, I shall not be afraid.

I shall not be afraid,
or in His care, divine and pure,
calmly trust, serene, secure;—
can not drift toward lands afar
nguided by a watchful star.
o haunting fears will come to me,
o "stormy wave," no "chilling sea,"
ut lulled to sleep in silence blest,
n Thy broad bosom, perfect rest!
I shall not be afraid.

HELEN N. PACKARD.

Springfield, Mass.

A Circumstance of Matter.

Are we quite sure what is success, r what is failure in this world,—where uman responsibility begins or where t ends? We present the following ragment of history—with variations —as a slight possible help toward the olution of a part of our life problem.

A fearful storm was raging along he sea-coast. It caught the fisher-nen in their boats miles at sea. A oung fisher-wife sat moaning and wringing her hands in the little cabin-ome on the shore. In fast dying ope she looks out through the doom-ul darkness over the raging sea, to atch some glimpse of the husband eturning to her and their unborn abe. Still the tempest grows, shot hrough with lightning gleams, while the thunder lifts and rocks the ittle hut. The wife shudders and ries into the night, and through the night. She casts herself before the little sacred crucifix and cries as a terror-stricken child for help. For brief moments the Eternal strength and peace touches and uplifts her humble soul, into the strong luminous light and trust of Heaven.

In the morning the storm has passed. The fisher-wife is searching the shore in the first sweet peaceful sunshine; she is stumbling and groping through the wreckage. There at last she finds the wreck of her young life; the loved form of lover and husband cast up dead by the waves. No smile, no voice of tenderness more, only a stark face, and soulless eyes, hands shrouded in seaweed. Such is nature's circumstance of matter! Night after night the lonely wife hears in imagination, and dreams over again the howl of the storm, the angry waves and the cold still corpse on the sea-shore. A month later a child is born, fair to look upon, but the winds and waves, the lightning gleams and thunder voice, the dead face and soulless eyes of that one night, stamped and moulded his body and mind in strange sad ways. There is one strong golden thread of light shot through the darkened web of his being. The o'ershadowed, faint prophecy in this life of the soul of eternal beauty, strength and joy growing and triumphing behind the wrinkled, blackened mask of this orld's matter. This child creeps d cowers on through the years up to manhood's age, only to wander on, the terrified innocent victim of a circumstance of matter that touched him, breathed upon him while he was cradled in his mother's womb; so he wanders on and out of nature's larger womb, our earth, born into the upper realm of life. The victim—or idiot here! What there? where he and we may first know what such circumstances of matter mean for him and us.

Nature through the circumstances of matter wrought the earth-destiny of other lives that night. A few miles inland, another mother sits dreaming of the child she bears; she too looks out upon the storm, touched and thrilled by the awful power and beauty of the Infinite, it speaks to her; she trembles in mingled awe and fear through all her being, but the sedative wine soon calms her body to rest easily about and upon her soul. How little a circumstance of matter! The soul of nature in the lightning's flash, the thunder of the distant sea, and howling winds call to her soul as if the Eternal spoke to her through the darkness; she sings her inspiration and response to her unborn babe, and—God! A little later her child is born, fair to look upon even as the the other. He grows to youth, his body and mind stamped and moulded all through by the awful beauty and harmony, the fearful joy that sang and called to him before birth, woven through with the one dark thread of the circumstance of matter spun from the wine-cup, tasted through his mother's lips. Grown to manhood, he writes and sings this music out to the listening millions, praising and lavishing their gifts upon the marvelous genius, the high-priest of music. We say what a glorious success such life of nature's favorite children! Is there any favoritism in the soul of the universe through great nature? Rather does it not more and more clearly appear that there is a fine compensation, a grand justice over all and to all? Nature wove in also her thread of weakness, darkness, and pain, from the same circumstance of matter that gave the artist's hand, and prophet's voice. Flattered and corrupted by the admiring millions, gross weakness and debauchery consumed half the manhood's strength and beauty of our genius and prophet, so he lives and dies out into the vast unseen, crowned for his greatness in art, but weak and maimed in character. In that great realm of invisible being after this world's death, which soul stands up and looks forth in the morning of the new world and life, stronger and richer in beauty, love and healthfulness? That which wandered in night and weakness of bodily ill, yet caught clear, strong glimpses of the heavenly truth and beauty to be, or that which saw the joy and greatness of life to be, and sang it forth with heaven-inspired brain and hand, but stumbled and wandered through the vanity and debauchery of this world's matter?

Which of the two, so diverse in life here, was nature's favorite? Which most God-blessed by the soul of the storm? Which most successfully passing through our world?

If there is an Over-soul of truth and righteousness, if God's will is equal to common justice and love, then neither, yet both;—and we rest in strong and peaceful assurance that in the clearer light and wisdom of the upper life, we shall see and know how the imbecile, and the prophet-genius, the human failure and human success, alike were not victims of the circumstance of matter, but souls upborne to more and better life.

Such circumstances of matter ever infold us. Such facts of life front us. We read them upward not downward, by the increasing light of the soul's eternal triumph, not defeat.

W. A. CRAM.

Hampton Falls, N. Y.

Grit and Stubbornness.

Grit laughs at obstacles, Stubbornness laughs with him; but Grit over comes what opposes him while Stubbornness only withstands it. Grit rises above obstacles; Stubbornness refuses to let them rise above him. The secret of Grit's success is intellect and wit; the secret of Stubbornness, is his endurance. Both alike are for the most part successful; but the success of Grit is that of a spiritual victor, while that of Stubbornness is mere brute resistance. The doings of Grit are brilliant, vivacious and taking; those of Stubbornness are slow, considerate and weighty. Grit is this or that all at once, and is often inconsistent; the success of Stubbornness is due to his consistency. Grit gives you the most heartfelt sympathy when in trouble; but Stubbornness gives you the best counsel. Grit succeeds best in thought, Stubbornness in things. When Grit treats things as thoughts he becomes a poet; when Stubbornness treats thoughts as things he becomes a philosopher. Grit will most likely be a genius, Stubbornness a scholar. Grit creates most, but what he creates is best preserved for us through the efforts of Stubbornness. Grit is the best to show the way; but Stubbornness is the best to follow it. Grit is a radical and a reformer; Stubbornness is a conservative and thinks the old way good enough. Grit is more acute; Stubbornness more broad. Grit succeeds best with a hobby; Stubborness introduces unity into social and political life by showing the relations of hobbies to each other. Stubbornness is a better statesman; Grit a better orator. Grit can best arouse men and make them better; Stubbornness can best prevent their becoming worse. Grit loves men. Stubbornness loves principles. Stubbornness ignores what he dislikes, Grit heaps upon it all the anathemas at his command. The ethics of Grit are most flexible and humane; those of Stubbornness are most rigid and mechanical. The policy of Grit tends to estrange men more and more from their opponents, while Stubbornness tries to unite men of different beliefs under broader views. Grit tries to bind men together, Stubbornness to fuse them. Grit is a law unto himself, he runs not by kitchen clock or college bell; Stubbornness is a law unto others, and he copies his law from the best traits in the characters of his companions. The character of Grit is beautiful, true and amiable; that of Stubbornness is upright, rugged and inexorable.

Both have their faults and their enemies. When narrow in thought and policy they become most bitterly hostile to each other. When Grit is only gritty, and Stubbornness only stubborn they hamper business activity and social progress, and make all their friends indignant. But when wise and good they make the world's great men in society, religion and politics.

A. B. CURTIS.

Tuft's College, Mass.

Stub Ends of Thought.

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Church Door Pulpit.

Mid-Week Religious Meetings.

READ BY MRS. A. O. SMITH, AT THE MICHIGAN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, STURGIS, MICH., APRIL 9.

We are here this afternoon to discuss the desirability and possibility of a mid-week meeting in liberal churches. First comes the question, as to the need of such a meeting. If there is no such need, there is nothing more to be said on the subject; but it seems to me an institution like the Wednesday evening meetings of orthodox churches must have been the result of a recognized want in those churches, a want which we as Liberals have not outgrown. We have no word of disparagement for the pulpit, but we believe the work of the pulpit must be supplemented by just such work as a mid-week meeting can do, a conference meeting when the grand truths, often so ably presented on Sunday, can be brought down to our workaday lives and made to really feed the spiritual hunger of the people. That such hunger exists, we have only to open our eyes to see. What else do revival meetings mean? Many go, no doubt, from curiosity, some for the excitement and fun, but there is left the goodly number who really are seeking to satisfy the "hunger and thirst for righteousness" and the hope that the extraordinary means will bring them that which they crave. The sermon is good, and the conference meeting would be much less useful without it, but I think many preachers would be astonished at the result, if they were to try the experiment of a meeting only to talk over what had been said on Sunday, the chance it gives to correct wrong impressions, to find how some struggling souls have appropriated the needed word, would surely be an encouragement and inspiration. The rank and file of liberals have not reached solid ground, we have many of us given up the old faith, but we hardly know where we stand, what solid foundations are under us,—and a place where such ignorance can be frankly confessed is a great help. Liberal churches can not hope to accomplish very great results until the people composing them have gone beyond the apologetic stage,—as long as we feel the need of apologizing to our orthodox friends for our position we shall not make great advances in spreading our faith, and any means which helps us to realize that our work should be aggressive and not apologetic ought to be encouraged.

The whole cultivated world is going mad over physical and artistic culture, telling us in all sorts of ways that the perfect man must be a man developed in every direction. Physicians more and more recognize the fact that true health must be the outcome of the development of every side of man. A man must be physically, mentally and morally at his best, else he is not, as he ought to be, "the noblest work of God."

Our new churches, many of them, have gymnasiums and Delsarte classes, and physical culture is made, as it ought to be, a part of our religion. Then there are the Browning, the Lowell, the Lecky, the novel and all sorts of classes which make very sure that the mental side of our people is not to be neglected. What have we to balance all this on the moral and emotional side? A great deal incidentally, but usually no place or class professedly to teach the moral foundations, except the Sunday sermon, and this vacant place we claim the mid-week meeting ought to fill. Mr. Goldwin Smith has within a year or two pointed out what to him seemed the probability that we should have a "moral interregnum," because the people had broken away from the old ways and not yet realized that not one bit of that which is real is gone. The danger is greater now than when that paper appeared—more of the old foundations have been violently shaken and many a fair tower that had been builded thereon lies prostrate. Is it wise in us to neglect any chance of averting a real catastrophy like that?

It is not hard to see why these meetings should have been dropped, that there was no confidence felt in a method that might and did lead, at times, to wild extravagance, but, we do not neglect physical culture because athletes have died of heart disease; nor do we neglect to cultivate the mind because some people have overdone their work, and ended their mistaken lives in insane asylums. Why then should we so greatly fear to trust ourselves in the culture of the moral side? One good friend has said to me, that such meetings as we are talking about would lead people to untruthfulness, they would be likely to tell the things they ought to feel, rather than real experiences; and this, I confess, is a danger, but there are so many questions of duty and personal responsibility to be discussed, that we may safely trust the common sense of the majority to keep in check anything of that kind. When we are told, by those who are making the subjects of evolution and pœnology specialties, that there is hope even in this brief life, for the lowest and most depraved of criminals, if only we know how to bring around them the right conditions, that experience shows the divine is surely there. Why should we hesitate to attempt the cultivation of our own better developed moral natures. Not many of us can go into prisons and try experiments on criminals, but everybody can begin at home. There is nothing that can be advanced for any kind of education, that might not be equally true if said of our mid-week meeting. If we are to be harmoniously developed a place must be provided for the cultivation of right emotions; and if there are dangers attending such meetings, we have only to set ourselves the task of getting the good and avoiding the evil.

In our large towns and cities the air is full of queries on all sorts of subjects, it is not only the church that is chaotic, people are thinking about everything, and it surely is a great good to have one or two hours of the week set apart for calm consideration of our personal duty in regard to all these questions. Life is complex, and there are many sides to every subject, and it is a help to bring our doubts and worries and get the benefit of the experience and wisdom of a little friendly company, such as a conference meeting ought to draw together.

You may say, "This all sounds well, but will it work?" I can tell you how it has worked in our little church.

Our conference meeting in Grand Rapids, began almost with the beginning of our movement. It started in the desire of our pastor to deepen the spiritual life of herself and her people, and whatever methods have been used, that aim has always been in the foreground. We were a band of people drawn together from all parts of the city and from nearly all the orthodox churches, strangers to each other, but gathered together by the hope of a church home, where perfect liberty should be our creed and to live our highest and best our aim. It is not so hard to draw people to a liberal church, the name attracts many, but when the names are enrolled and the work begun, we find that to be free is not so easy, that to live up to our "highest conception of right living" means opposition from many unexpected sources. We are often in doubt as to which is the best road, shall we go this way or that? Sometimes an intellectual difficulty we can not satisfactorily solve, sometimes an ethical problem, sometimes the welfare and needs of the church are to be discussed; and our meeting has been a place where all these things could be freely and informally talked about. At first there were not many who cared for or who had any faith in the usefulness of these meetings, and there are still a few who smile when we speak of our good times on Wednesday evening, but we do not despair of winning even these. The meeting has grown in true evolutionary way, starting in this intense desire of Miss Tupper to help us to know ourselves and our possibilities, and the methods have varied as the needs made themselves felt. At first we came together, seven or eight of us, once I think there were only four, and we sang hymns, choosing nearly always those set to the Gospel tunes, finding real comfort in using the old tunes, illustrating again the truth of Froebel's method with the little ones, to always try in some way to join the new lesson to the old, and so we felt that though the "water and the blood" was not for us, the old tune to which we could sing "God is Love; I know, I see," linked us to the old places and ways that to many of us are still so dear. After the singing some one read something suggestive and we talked about it, always trying to keep the talk near our personal needs; after the talk more hymns, and sometimes, not always, the word of prayer. Latterly we have used always one of the services from the little service book for Sunday Circles, published in Chicago. After a few weeks of experiments in different directions we took up the Emerson Tract, several topics would be given out a week ahead, that there might be no silent places, that some one should be always ready; our aim, to find out what Emerson considered the best way to live, and our purpose, to test by actual experiment the methods we should discover, our thought being always that he who would know of the doctrine must do the will.

After the Emerson tract we took up Mr. Blake's "Heart of all Religions," and coming, as it did, at the same time of the study of the "Old Religions" in Sunday-school, we found it both profitable and interesting. We have studied Mr. Gannett's sermons "Blessed be Drudgery" and "Wrestling and Blessing," and Mr. Gannett's words have aroused a deal of discussion and led us through many beautiful places. Since our meetings have grown larger, we have had very often an original paper, and we have found this a very attractive feature. Sometimes in our zeal and fear that the meeting should not be interesting, we have a little overdone our preparations, and the meeting has been rendered more formal and so less helpful. The many exquisite bits of poetry and scraps of prose that are brought in and read bear eloquent witness that we all of us carry the little meeting in mind the week through.

We have found the best method for our work, when we take up a new tract for study, to divide it into lessons of suitable length, and apportion them to different people, making each one to whom a topic is given, the leader for his or her night, and entirely responsible for that meeting; this divides the labor, giving all the benefit without too much of the care of the work, and we go on as surely, though not as satisfactorily when our pastor is away as when she is with us. You will ask, "What can you show for all this, has it accomplished anything that is really tangible?" I think we can surely answer, "Yes." We have been "many men of many minds" and sometimes have approached dangerously near the rocks of fruitless controversy, but in our search for common ground we have learned a deeper respect for the people we have been meeting and possibly criticising every day. We have really realized what we so often say, that "it is not belief but life that counts." We have found that though our old foundations for a religious life, were not builded on the rock, yet we are not adrift, but are each week realizing more surely that our strength is in "the Power that makes for righteousness," and the helpful, earnest life, the only one worth living. A letter received by our pastor not long ago, written by a elderly gentlemen had in it something like this: "This morning when I awakened and thought 'to-day is Wednesday,' my first resolve was that some special service should consecrate the day, that I might be better be in the spirit to help some hungry soul on Wednesday night. Is it nothing to awaken such a desire as that? It seems to me such a desire is the very life-stuff of which revivals should be, but alas! are not often made.

We who have been at this meeting from the first, feel that here is the real nucleus of our church, and when attendance has been small, the empty seats many, we have thought of Professor Fiske's great discovery, that the long childhood of man is the greatest factor in his superiority, and so have been comforted. We would not have a full-grown church all at once, but the pleasures and advantages of steady growing.

Sometimes our meetings have seemed at the time to be almost failures, but often those seemingly unsatisfactory talks, the half-formed thought crudely expressed has been very suggestive; often the unfinished and sometimes tangled threads have been carefully and skillfully taken up and the tangles have disappeared in a sermon that touched us all because it really came as a result of our knowledge of our personal needs.

We have been constructive and not destructive, we have so much to do in the way of building we have no time for the "iconoclastic hammer."

I wish I could in some way make you all feel something of the spirit of our meetings. I have given you the skeleton, but the heart of them is all left out. There has come to us all who have participated in them such a feeling of good comradeship and mutual helpfulness. We really begin to have the home feeling which should be part of the church feeling.

And now, is it possible for other liberal churches to succeed as we have with such a meeting? It is possible, if they desire success, and I think that is the only really essential element of success, an *earnest, persistent* desire. In every liberal church there must necessarily be plenty of people competent to establish and carry on such a meeting. It is the scientific spirit that will make such a meeting a real benefit. We must get our inner spiritual facts, take a little time in the hurry and rush of life, inquire what are the real motives that push us on through busy days. To be really helpful it must be understood that these pleasant talks are only "the means to an end," they are to be worked out and into the daily life. Do not expect too much from your meeting, just at first. Make simplicity your motto. Lead people on to talk on the chosen theme. Keep the idea of helpfulness in the foreground, and some evening, when you least expect it, perhaps, you will realize an old spiritual fact, too long ignored by liberal churches, that "where two or three are gathered to

gether" there is the consciousness of the Power within. It is one of the facts we have discovered for ourselves. Do not dismiss this subject by thinking "Oh, yes! a lot of sentimental women can imagine anything," for at one of our late meetings there were just twice as many men as women—good, solid, business men. When such men will turn aside for "a quiet hour" to discuss problems that reach to the very heart of things, and with earnest, thoughtful words tell us how strong is their effort to realize the higher life, we feel there is no room for pessimistic fears, but share in some degree the great joy of the mariner who

"Spreads canvas to the airs divine,"

who feels the strong undercurrent and knows that

". . . . all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile, or rage, or roar."

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

Mark Hopkins. By Franklin Carter. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

President Carter had a difficult task before him when he essayed to write the life of his distinguished predecessor Mark Hopkins. For Mark Hopkins left behind him a great name, but only very slight materials for biography. His own letters have for the most part been lost, and the few which are given in this volume throw but little light upon his character. His mature life was devoid of incident, and as he survived the companions of his youth, few reminiscences of his early life were obtainable. In spite of these disadvantages, however, we are given such glimpses of the great educator as justify the reputation which he gained. It is a massive, well balanced intellect which we see devoted to noble ends. His biographer well speaks of him as "the last of the examples in New England of the College President as the father, teacher, counselor and guide." Like Channing, he belonged to that rare order of souls who grow broader and more tolerant with age. Dr. Carter speaking of his last years says, "So his mind was open to every new and true idea, and appreciated with ever-increasing fairness the broadening influence of art, of culture, of literature and science as well as of religion. I never expect to see an instance in which equally to the very end of a long life the mind turned to the light, and the man "like a tree planted by the rivers of water" opened sweet flowers of wisdom, justice and charity in larger and larger proportions and greater and greater beauty until the frost came."

One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on "The Crisis in the Board of Missions." Here the catholic spirit of Mark Hopkins and his perfect common sense shines in brightest contrast to the narrow policy of many of the members of the Board. With all his practical sagacity Mark Hopkins preserved his full loyalty for ideal. A sentence in his last letter to the *Independent* in regard to certain ecclesiastical councils which he had been advocating is worth remembering: "There are objections to councils. I have no zeal for them or for anything else that is simply instrumental." S. M. C.

Travels in Faith from Tradition to Reason. By Robert C. Adams. New York: The Truth Seeker Co. 1891.

This work was published some years ago by G. P. Putnam's Sons and is now re-issued as No. 9 in the Truth Seeker Library. It contains in the first few pages a straightforward account of the rearing the author received in one of the most orthodox families of New England fifty years ago. His father was the once well-known Rev. Nehemiah Adams, famous for his extreme orthodoxy and his defense of slavery. The picture of the life in this clergyman's family is drawn without bitterness, but in a way that brings out clearly the morbid mental condition of such a household, where children not yet in their teens were constantly trained to regard their sins "as more in number than the sands of the sea-shore," and themselves as objects of God's wrath, and despair as their proper frame of mind. The writer gives with some fullness his conscientious journey from this faith of his childhood to a more liberal religion, and he appends a statement of his present views on such subjects as God, Prayer, Morality, Immortality, and the Church. He thinks the churches would fare better if they were put into the hands of a committee of laymen, "one of whom should in turn preside," each Sunday, and his other positive suggestions are equally valuable.

But though the work has no originality of thought or charm of style to recommend it, its plain and simple account of the journey from Tradition to Reason, which so many thoughtful persons are making now, will give it interest to such persons. And it is the more to be commended because it is entirely free from the hostility to religion which characterizes so many of the Truth Seeker publications. A. W. G.

Julius Cæsar. By W. Warde Fowler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price $1.50.

This is one of the most interesting of the series of "Heroes of the Nations." Mr. Fowler's work is full of learning, and shows signs of critical acumen on every page. He is an ardent admirer of Cæsar, who has fallen into a new lease of popularity during the last few years. Cæsar's imperialism is defended on the doubtful ground that the times and the occasion demanded the strong hand. His assassination, which has been the subject of so much controversy among historians, is pronounced murder, a blunder and a crime, the men who engaged in it pedants and mistaken idealists. The book is a valuable help to the study of Roman affairs and will do its part toward maintaining the standard of scholarship and excellent workmanship which mark the entire series.

The Abbess of Port Royal. By Maria Ellery Mackaye. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

These essays are studies in French history, mediæval literature and pre-revolutionary society by one whose ability to reconstruct half forgotten stories equals her appreciation of the treasures of French poetry sung seven centuries ago. The Song of Roland and the Provençal romances are familiar to the general reader only by name, and until the revival of interest in Old French, the literature of this country was popularly supposed to date from the time of Louis Quatorze. An interesting historical essay is the one recounting the varied experiences of Mont St. Michel, that wonderful fortress shrine on the coast of Normandy. "Beaumarchais" repeats the story of the energetic statesman, whom Americans should remember for his association with the early days of our independence, if for no other reason. The paper on "French Women Before the Revolution," pictures of the characteristic habits and amusements of this brilliant, wayward society, while the remaining essay, which gives the name to the book, reflects the extreme contrast of austerity and religious devotion.

William Morris, Poet, Artist, Socialist. Edited by Francis Watts Lee. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co. Paper, Price, 25 cents.

William Morris is one of the most striking characters of the day. As the reader looks over this book, made up of an introductory essay on Morris by William Clarke, which was first published in the *New England Magazine*, followed by some of the socialistic writings of the past he will wonder anew at the strange mixture of sense and nonsense, of sound logic and pure fallacy, that mark both his work and his character. Morris is a radical social reformer on one side; and on the other, on the side of his artistic tendencies and theories, as pronounced a conservative. The writings that appear in this volume are A Dream of John Ball, A King's Lesson, Signs of Change, How the Change Came, and a few poems on socialistic topics, which out of respect to the beautiful poems written in his early years, should rather be described as rhymed and metrical essays. It must be added, they are often as wearisome in matter as deficient in style. On the whole we do not like the mixture of poet and doctrinare this book presents to us.

The Rescue of an Old Farm. By Mary Caroline Robbins. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

The abandoned farms of Massachusetts have risen in value, from a literary point of view at least, within a year or two, and Mrs. Robbins' bright description of her Hingham home is both timely and interesting. These chapters, which appeared first in *Garden and Forest*, record experiments, not so successful as to become monotonous nor so unsuccessful as to be discouraging, in bringing four acres of rather unpromising land into a condition of harmony and beauty. The delight of co-operating with nature is well expressed, while reflections and comments suggested by these experiences add the touches of human nature, which a book can rarely afford to miss. The "didactic chapter" for which the writer hints an apology, is one the reader would not wish to spare.

A Memorial of the Late William M. Ainsworth. Edited by James Harwood, B. A. Williams and Norgate.

William M. Ainsworth was a Unitarian minister of England who lost his life last year in the Sea of Marmora. The Memorial volume, edited by James Harwood, contains a sketch of his life and a number of his sermons. Dr. Martineau in a beautiful letter sums up his impression of the character of his former pulpit, "A soul gentle in affection, clear in duty, steadfast in will; a soul which passing from us on its mysterious way, the night for awhile may hide, but no waves can drown or detain."

While such a volume as this is intended chiefly for the circle of personal friends, it must have a wider usefulness. Every reader must have his faith strengthened by the story of a life so wholesome and so pure.

Periodicals.

THE May *Cosmopolitan* gives us the first number of this magazine under the new management, which has excited so much friendly interest and curiosity, that of Mr. William Dean Howells. The table of contents is very rich with distinguished names and others not so distinguished but full of promise. There is a posthumous poem of James Russel Lowell, with an accompanying portrait, a sketch on that ill-fated young genius, Wolcott Balestier, by Henry James, stories by Frank Stockton and Sarah Orne Jewett, poems by John Hay, Edgar Fawcett and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Mr. Mathews continues his literary talks, and Mr. Murat Halstead contributes a readable article on "Politics of the Russian Famine." Mr. Howells's production in this initial number is a farce, "Evening Dress." But we shall be disappointed if the *Cosmopolitan* under the new order of things does not make some provision, like that supplied by the "Editor's Study" in *Harper's*, for monthly talks by the editor on the current and literary and social topics of the times. Not even the graceful and polished periods of Charles Dudley Warner can quite compensate to all readers for the loss of Mr. Howells in this department; who is just enough of a teacher and prophet in his outspoken advocacy of the principles of realism in art to merit the right to be heard from in this way. Will not the *Cosmopolitan* set up a new Editor's Study, or something like it, very soon?

THE May number of the *Review of Reviews* is particularly strong in educational topics. It contains a striking account of the New York College for the Training of Teachers, written by its acting president, Prof. Walter L. Hervey, accompanied by five portraits. There is also an article on the McDonogh Farm School near Baltimore, by Mr. Charles D. Lanier, a member of the staff of the *Review of Reviews* and a son of the lamented Southern poet, Sidney Lanier. The McDonogh school is a most refreshing instance of a true and wholesome method in the all-around education and development of boys, and Mr. Lanier writes of it in a charming fashion. His article is most interestingly illustrated. This number of the *Review* also contains a brief sketch of the distinguished geologist Alexander Winchell, with a fine portrait and sketch of the late Miss Clough, first principal of Newnham College; portraits of Dr. Cook, President of the National Educational Association, and President Andrews, of Brown University; a fine portrait of Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford; announcements of various educational gatherings and summer schools, and still other features of timely educational interest. The character sketch in this number from Mr. Stead's fertile pen is on Gladstone.

THE May *Forum* has an unusual variety of contents. The silver question is discussed by Hon. Michael D. Carter and Senator Vilas. Mr. S. C. T. Dodd has an article on "Ten Years of the Standard Oil Trust," speaking from the inside, as the solicitor of the company of which he writes. President Timothy Dwight writes on "The True Purpose of the Higher Education." E. L. Godkin contributes an essay on "Idleness and Immorality," balanced by another of opposite tenor by Carroll D. Wright, who shows as the result of his investigations into the factory system that this life has not increased immorality among the women engaged in it. Bishop Potter discusses the "American Cathedral," and Mr. Atkinson contends that we still have room for a few more immigrants. Miss Lucy M. Salmon, professor of history at Vassar, writes on "The Woman's Exchange."

THE *North American Review* is filled, as usual, with bright and timely discussions of the leading topics of the day. A number of Congressional lights, Senators Quay and Vest, Representatives, Burrows, Wilson and Kilgore, contribute a symposium on "The Man and the Platform." John Burroughs pays his tribute to Walt Whitman under the caption "The Poet of Democracy." Hon. Charles Emory Smith, our minister at the Court of St. Petersburg, writes on the Russian Famine. General Butler and the Marquis of Lorne talk each from his point of view on the "Bering Sea Controversy." The fourth installment of the "Olympian Religion," by Mr. Gladstone appears in this number. The usual department of Notes and Comments follows.

ONE of the most helpful and scholarly periodicals that comes to our table is *Poet-Lore* which has lately added the word "Letters" to its title. This magazine has recently removed from Philadelphia to Boston, the editorial rooms being located at 196 Summer Street. Miss Charlotte Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke continue to act as editors, and have received a cordial welcome to the literary circles of that city. This publication, if we do not mistake, was started as a help to the study of Browning, and for a long time its contents were mainly taken up with discussions of that poet; but it has widened its work and scope, and now presents us every month with carefully-written essays in literary criticism upon various writers. Just now it is publishing, with the author's permission, the first English version of Bjornson's new prose drama, "En Hanske," or "The Glove."

THE *Indian Messenger* tells a story of "a French doctor who went to Damascus to seek his fortune. When he saw the luxurious vegetation, he said: 'This is the place for me; plenty of fever.' And then, on seeing the abundance of water, he said, 'More fever, no place like Damascus!' When he entered the town, he asked the people, 'What is this building?' 'A bath.' 'And what is this building?' 'A bath.' 'And that other building?' 'A bath!' 'Curse on so many baths! They take the bread out of my mouth,' said the doctor: 'I shall get no practice here.' So he turned his back and went out of the gate again, and hied himself elsewhere."

THE *Figaro*, Chicago, published a Figaro Portrait with each number, and has lately reproduced in this way the countenances of two Unitarian divines, Rev. T. G. Milsted, and the senior editor of UNITY. These portraits are accompanied by extracts from lately written pulpit discussions. The table of contents is mainly supplied by the pens of Chicago writers. Interesting and live topics, bright and brief discussions, seems to be the rule with this paper, which is of a mingled social and literary character.

THE publishing firm of Searle & Gorton of this city has just bought out a volume of poetry by Miss Blanche Fearing, whose poetical work "The Sleeping World," met an encouraging reception, and won many flattering encomiums from high poetical sources. "In the City by the Lake" is made up of two long blank verse productions, entitled "The Shadow," and its sequel —"The Slave Girl." We shall speak of these poems further when they have passed through our reviewer's hands.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

Angels' Visits to my Farm in Florida. By Golden Light. New York: John W. Lovell Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 283. Price, $1.00.

His Bold Experiment. By Henry Frank. New York: The Minerva Pub. Co. Paper, 12mo, pp. 279. Price, 50 cents.

Little Brothers of the Air. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 271. Price, $1 25

Handbook of School Gymnastics. By Baron Nils Posse. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, 18mo, pp. 192. Price, 50 cents.

The Divine Enterprise of Missions. By Arthur T. Pierson. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp 333. Price, $1.25.

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Notes from the Field.

Rochester, N. Y.—The Unitarian Society at this place celebrated its fiftieth anniversary May 1st and 2nd. There was a special service on Sunday morning, consisting of responsive readings, an original hymn by Mr. Chadwick, and a sermon by Mr. Mann of Omaha. In the evening another commemorative meeting was held in the church, Judge F. Danforth presiding. Rev. D. W. Morehouse delivered the opening address, calling attention to the fact that this fiftieth birthday of the Rochester society was the fiftieth anniversary also of the death of Dr. Channing. Other addresses followed by Rev. R. R. Shippen, S. R. Calthrop, N. M. Mann and Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows. Mr. Morehouse spoke on "Fifty Years since Channing Died: The Abiding Elements of his Teaching. Mr. Mann told what Science had done to enrich Religion, Mr. Shippen what contributions Historic Study had made to it, and Mrs. Barrows talked of the gains it had received from Social Progress. The next evening was that of the "Birthday Festival Supper," a social occasion in the main, but with several short addresses by representative clergymen of other faiths in the city and the reading of many letters from absent friends. The exercises closed with the doxology, but before that, came the singing of a hymn written for the occasion, with no initials signed, but whose authorship is easy to guess, and the tenor of which is seen in the verse which we quote:

"He sends them out, old Father Time,
His Days so young and strong,
The mornings shining in their face,
And on their lips a song.
When home they come, their play all done,
There's quiet in their ways,
And shadows rise and haunt their eyes,—
They're dear old *Yesterdays!*"

The Rochester papers give full reports of these meetings, and the occasion was one to command the interest and congratulations of all Unitarians. UNITY joins its word of friendly cheer and hope to Mr. and Mrs. Gannett and their fellow-workers.

Decorah, Ia.—There is nothing but good to report of the work here. The interest is steadily growing.

April 3 was observed as Temperance Sunday. There was a variety of exercises calculated to stimulate self-control and unselfishness.

The Easter service was beautiful and uplifting. The church was tastefully, not lavishly, decorated. There was a special responsive service appropriate to the spirit of spring. Rev. Mrs. Pierce addressed the children of the church and presented them with packets of seeds. These the boys and girls are to plant, the flowers to be brought for Flower Sunday. The sermon for the occasion was on "The Message of Easter," explaining the origin and meaning of this festival of the spring.

May 1, the minister, Ulysses G. B. Pierce, gave the last of a course of evening lectures on "The Drama of Life." Conceiving of the world as a stage, the plan was to trace the many actors from the formless protoplasm up to man. The following synopsis shows the line of thought:

Prologue—The worlds about us. Act I.—Dawn of life. Act II.—Age of invertebrates. Act. III.—Age of fishes. Act IV. Age of amphibians. Act V.—Age of reptiles. Act VI.—Age of mammals. Act VII.—Age of man. Scene 1.—Primeval man. Scene 2.—Modern man. Epilogue—Man's future.

The subject was illustrated by charts, fossils and sometimes by magic lantern. The lectures were well received, the church being crowded. This presentation of the evolution idea has provoked much thought in some who had been hitherto indifferent to it. The spirit of these lectures finds fit body in the Nature Class—our latest development. The class, numbering about twenty-five, makes weekly excursions to neighboring points of interest to study the rocks, flowers, birds, and insects. Monthly the class holds evening meeting for the reports of the different sections.

Des Moines, Ia.—The Unitarian Club held its annual meeting April 25 and had the pleasure of listening to a paper on "What use shall we make of the Bible?" by Rev. W. W. Fenn. It was "Ladies' Night" and a goodly number was present. I take the following from a morning daily: "It was 8:30 o'clock when the large parlors of the Savery opened to receive the Club and its visitors. Judge Bishop presided and introduced the speakers of the evening. The first one was Mr. Fenn who is a young man, young in heart as well as years, but brilliant, highly cultured and a deep and logical reasoner." If such was the impression produced on a reporter you may be sure all his hearers shared it.

It is pleasant to be able to report that the president of Drake University (Campbellite) took part in the discussion and heartily indorsed the spirit of the paper although he could not agree to *all* of its conclusions.

The speeches were followed by a collation in the banquet-room. Altogether it was a happy ending to a successful year.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The Treasurer has to report the following receipts on

CURRENT EXPENSES.

Previously reported	$ 956.85
Unity Church, Helena, Wis.	20.00
First Unitarian Church, La Porte, Ind.	10.00
Unitarian Church, Sheffield, Ill.	25.00
Mrs. E. W. Dupee, Chicago, Ill.	100.00
Free Holland Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.	12 00
First Unitarian Society, Davenport, Ia.	25.00
Church of the Unity, Cleveland, on account	200 00
Unitarian Society, Germantown, Pa.	19.00
Annual memberships, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Plummer, Forest City, Iowa	2.00
Unitarian Society, Rock Rapids, Iowa	10.00
Nora Mission, Nora, Ill.	4.00
Rev. L. J. Duncan, Sheffield, Ill.	2.50
Church of the Unity, St. Louis	80.00
Annual membership, Mrs. Ida G. Temple, Hinsdale, Ill.	1.00
M. L. Lord, Chicago	10.00
First Unitarian Church, Grand Haven, Mich.	10.00
Unity Society, Cooksville, Wis.	5.00
First Unitarian Church, Sioux City, Iowa	100,00
	$1.492.35

New York.—Mrs. John W. Chadwick has recently been elected president of the Women's League, an honor worthily bestowed, which will elicit warm approval among Unitarians, East and West. Mrs. J. T. Sunderland lately read a paper before the League on "What, to Unitarians, is the essence of Christianity." The essayist found it consists in "love of God and man," says a correspondent. The historical portion of her paper was rich with ample illustration, and in conclusion she had many admirable suggestion for denominational work. It elicited warm admiration.

Unitarian Grove Meeting.—The annual grove meeting at Weirs, N. H., is announced for the week beginning July 31, and ending August 6. Only the printed announcement of the meeting has yet reached us, the full programme to appear later, early in July. Notice is also given of a three-weeks session of "The Lake School of Expression, to be held at the same place, though unconnected with the Grove Meeting. The school is in charge of Miss May Crawford, 20 Clinton street, Cambridgeport, Mass., and will open July 25.

Boston.—At the ministerial Union Mr. Ernest E. Fenolose, late of Salem, gave an epitome of his study into Buddhism in Japan.

—Both the "Boston Association" and the "Monday Club" are discussing at several meetings the new needs of Unitarian ministers in view of the "new orthodoxy," and the tendency in all denominations to add branches of practical work to church ministration.

Chicago.—The Third Universalist Church, of which the Rev. L. J. Dinsmore is pastor, has just achieved an economic stroke of business in the way of housing itself. It has bought a lot on Hall street and moved a frame building upon it which will give it a comfortable home, for the time being, at a total cost of $4,000. Let other missionary societies take example and achieve similar triumphs, at as small outlay.

Bon Voyage.—Rev. Mary A. Safford passed through the city Saturday the 7th on her way to New York, from which place she sailed directly for Antwerp, Wednesday, May the 11th. The hopes to be able to return to her post early in the fall.

THE Rev. Richmond Fisk, D. D., formerly of the Universalist denomination, having asked to be received into the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is well qualified to do good work in our ministry, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

J. F. MOORS, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*
April 30, 1892.

The Proper Way to Clean and Polish Silver.

Visitors to England are often struck with the dazzling whiteness and brilliant finish of the grand old dinner and banqueting services, many of them centuries old, but in appearance equal to new silver. The English silversmiths have the advantage of a special preparation which has been popular with them for the past seven years. It is not altogether unknown in our country, and considering the beautiful silver-ware that now adorns most of the refined homes of America, an article that will not scratch the exquisite workmanship of valuable silver, and prevents tarnishing, should be as widely used as it is in the Old World. We refer to GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER, for which a depot has just been opened in New York. If you would preserve your silver ornaments and plateware, you should use it regularly. With reasonable care a 25 cent packet will last for many months. If not obtainable at your grocer's it will be mailed free for 25 cents.

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Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Heaven commences ere the world be past.

Mon.—Learn the luxury of doing good.

Tues.—Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

Wed.—Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails.

Thurs.—Those that think must govern those that toil.

Fri.—His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

Sat.—Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which centers only in the mind.
—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

May.

Rises like morn from the mist,
Bringing joy o'er the land;
A dewy maiden, sun kissed,
Trailing arbutus in hand.

Hepaticas bloom at her feet,
Convolvoli twine in her hair;
Violets, purple and sweet
Peep from her kirtle fair.

Anemone, that pale star,
Tinged with faint flush of dawn;
They, shrinking, opening afar,
Nestling near wood and lawn.

Maples are bursting with blood,
Oaks, gnarled and crumpled, unfurl,
Gentians come forth in a flood,
Fern fronds slowly unwhorl.

Fragrant, with blossoms bedight,
Girdled with green and gold;
Lucent with crystalline light,
May can never grow old.

M. R. HAYMES.

Dandelion Play.

Jessie ran over to Gertie's house one day. She called out, "Oh, Gertie! come and play dandelions with me!"

"How can you play dandelions?" asked Gertie.

"Come and I will show you," was what she told her. So Gertie put on her big hat and went with Jessie to the field. The field was covered with green grass. The grass was dotted all over with dandelions.

You will all know that these are yellow. The field looked like a fairies' carpet.

Jessie and Gertie looked almost like fairies in the sunlight.

"Now, Gertie, I will tie a wreath for you," said Jessie.

"And I will tie one for you," said Gertie, "if you will show me how."

"Take a dandelion with a long stem," was the next thing Jessie said, "lay another dandelion on the stem just back of the flower."

Now tie it with grass."

They both did this.

"Now tie on another flower; then another."

Pretty soon the long dandelion strings were done. The little girls put them around each other's hats.

Gertie said, "Oh, Jessie, I remember how to make curls and I will show you."

"Oh, do you?" said Jessie; "Oh, do tell me."

Gertie pulled a dandelion with a long stem, and so did Jessie.

"Now Jessie," said Gertie, "just put your tongue to the hole in the end the stem." Jessie did.

"Now push your tongue a little and the stem will split in two."

True enough the stem did.

"Now if you go very slowly, and keep it wet, and help to curl with your fingers, it will be lovely," said Gertie.

The little girls were still for a long time. They worked at the stems. Pretty soon they had pretty curls. They made a great many.

"Oh, Gertie," said Jessie, "we must see what time it is."

"How will you see?" asked Gertie, "you have no clock."

"Yes, I have, a pretty white one," said Jessie. She plucked a dandelion ball, that was gone to seed, and all fluffy. She blew hard at it three times and then counted the seeds that stayed on.

"One, two, three, four, five! It is five o'clock! Come we must hurry home!"

And off they ran as hard as they could.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

The China Plate—A Fable.

"It's a terrible ordeal," said the china plate, "but I'll bear it as well as I can."

The mistress had told Bridget many times not to put a china plate into the oven, but Bridget said to herself: "I'll not shut the oven door, and I'll just warm this bit of steak in the plate it's on," and that is how the china plate got into the oven.

In some way the oven door was shut, and Bridget forgot all about the bit she had intended to eat for her breakfast, and the meat sputtered and fried, and its sputterings and fryings were burned black into the poor little china plate.

Next morning when the oven door was opened the meat was all charred and the plate a sorry sight to behold. But it had sturdily refused to crack in the fierce heat, and it had held its glaze intact, but such a freckled sad face it wore.

"Keep it in the kitchen closet," said the mistress, and there it stayed with delf and tin and the mongrel folk that inhabit kitchen closets. Once in a while by mistake it was put away with its former mates in the china-closet, but they shrank from contact with it, the little plate thought, and despised it for its misfortunes, so it was really quite as happy leaning against the wall behind the knife box in the kitchen closet as in the gilt-edged pile of its fellows in the dining-room closet.

One day the mistress took it up and examined it closely. "A little scouring will make that as good as any of the rest," she said, and suiting the action to the word she took a piece of scouring soap in her hand with the plate, and told a story to her sick child while patiently removing, one speck at a time, the dishonors the poor little plate had borne, until the last one was gone, and the plate took its place again with its mates, the happiest one of them all; for it could appreciate prosperity, having known adversity.—*Exchange.*

JOHNNY was writing a letter and Willie was looking over his shoulder.

"You're not making that 'I' right," said Willie.

"What's the matter with it, I'd like to know?" replied Johnny.

"You're running it below the line. That's what's the matter with it."

"I guess I'm writing this letter, ain't I? If I want to make it that way, it's my business, ain't it?"

"'Course. If you want to make a 'J' of yourself, go ahead."

THE world is just large enough for the people; there is no room for a partition wall.—*Father Taylor.*

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THIRD, a tin of BIRD'S CONCENTRATED EGG POWDER, a complete substitute for eggs in puddings, cakes, buns, griddle cakes, and all similar kinds of English and American

confectionery, to which it imparts the lightness, richness, appearance and flavour of new-laid eggs. This tin is equal to 30 new-laid eggs.

FOURTH, a canister of BIRD'S GIANT BAKING POWDER, claimed to be the strongest and best article of the kind in the whole world. It will go twice as far as ordinary baking powder, and is guaranteed free from alum, ammonia, or any impurity whatsoever, all the ingredients being of the highest quality. N.B.—Messrs. BIRD were the original inventors of Baking Powder in 1842, and the secret of their process has never yet been discovered.

For a fifth article the box contains a copy of "Sweet Dishes," a booklet full of practical hints and numerous original recipes of tasty dishes for the dinner and supper table. The recipes are all new to American cookery, and are suited to American measures, methods and cooking utensils.

The whole of the above are enclosed in a tastefully finished artistic Cartoon Box, an excellent specimen of English fancy box ware. When the samples are taken out, it will make a very pretty handkerchief, glove, or cotton box.

This Dollar Sample Box is intended solely to introduce Bird's English Specialties into American Homes, and cannot be purchased retail, and Messrs. BIRD will not be able to supply more than one sample box to each household. Remember the object in view is to distribute samples of the Special Domestic Luxuries for which Bird's name stands first and foremost as a guarantee for Purity and High Quality.

A remittance of one dollar to Messrs. BIRD & SON'S New York Offices, 2, WOOSTER ST., NEW YORK, will bring the sample box EXPRESSED Free of Charge. If any dissatisfaction, the money will be willingly refunded, providing the goods are sent back intact.

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$500 FOR A PANSY BLOSSOM!

Alice Pansies

Every reader of this paper should not fail to enjoy some of the this summer, which were named by Mrs. Harrison. They create a sensation everywhere and their Beauty is beyond description. Their Mammoth Size of odd colors is wonderful, and they have cost me an enormous price to secure them, but they are far ahead of all other varieties of Pansies and can be had from no other seedsman. I want to increase their size and will pay $500 in CASH to any person growing a Blossom measuring 3 in. in diameter; 2¾ in. are very common size. See catalogue. For 25c. in silver or 28c. in stamps, I will mail, carefully packed, so they will go several days, 12 plants of the "Alice Pansies" (soon be blooming), a Pearl Tube Rose Bulb and my Illustrated Catalogue. For $1.00, I will mail 50 good plants, enough for an elegant bed, 4 Tube Rose Bulbs, and Catalogue. IF At these prices not a reader of this paper should fail to enjoy at least a few of the finest pansies in the world, which were named "ALICE" by Mrs. Harrison. You can have the nicest pansies around, besides you may grow 3 in. blossom and get $500. Every person ordering any of the above will receive FREE a packet of Mammoth Passion Flower Seed, Hardy Climbing Vine, perfect beauty that will flower the first year from seed and is worth $1.00. With every $1 order, I will give FREE, 6 Mammoth Verbena Plants, mixed colors, new and elegant.

F. B. MILLS, Rose Hill, Onondaga Co., N.Y.

(MR. MILLS is perfectly reliable and trustworthy.—*Ed.*)

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Announcements.

Western Unitarian Anniversaries,

TO BE HELD AT

CHICAGO, ILL.,

May 17, 18, 19, 20, 1892.

We believe that *we* ought to join hands and work to *make* the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all.—From "*Things Commonly Believed.*"

Day Sessions at All Souls Church.
Evening Sessions at the Memorial Baptist Church.
Noon Lunches served by the ladies of All Souls Church at Council Hall.

All the above places are in the vicinity of the church, corner of Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Ave. Take the Cottage Grove cable cars to Oakwood Boulevard, and walk one block west.

1881. 1892.
WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

OBJECT: *The advancement of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.*

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

TUESDAY, MAY 17.

All Souls Church.

9:00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING.
Led by Rev. Sophie Gibb, Janesville.

10:00 A. M.—PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.
Reports of Secretary, Treasurer, P. O. M. secretary, and from visiting Societies.

11:00 A. M.—PAPER. What can we ask of Religion? Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Boston.
Discussion led by Mrs. C. P. Woolley.

Council Hall.

12:00 M. to 2:00 P. M.—NOON LUNCH AND SOCIAL REUNION.

All Souls Church.

2:00 P. M.—BUSINESS.
RELIGIOUS COUNCILS: Their Value.
Five minute talks.
PAPER.—Mrs. L. H. Stone, Kalamazoo.
Closing Address.

Any society contributing not less than $5.00 to the treasury, may be represented by two general delegates. Annual Membership $1.00. Life Membership, $10.00. All are entitled to vote.

1852. 1892.
WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

OBJECT: *The transaction of business pertaining to the general interests of the Societies connected with the Conference.*

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL SESSION.

TUESDAY, MAY 17.

Memorial Baptist Church.

8:00 P. M.—OPENING SERMON.—By Chas. F. Bradley, Quincy.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.

All Souls Church.

9:00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING.
10:00 A. M.—OPENING BUSINESS SESSION.
Reports of Officers. Appointment of Committees and brief reports from the Field.

Council Hall.

12:00 M. to 2:00 P. M.—NOON LUNCH AND SOCIAL REUNION.

All Souls Church.

2:00 P. M.—TRIBUTES.
Henry Doty Maxson, and other workers.

3:00 P. M.—MISSIONARY PROBLEMS OF THE WEST.
Fifteen minute addresses followed by discussion.
The Constituency that waits the Liberal Church.
Henry T. Secrist, Milwaukee.
How to reach this Constituency.
John E. Roberts, Kansas City.
Difficulties in the way.
Newton M. Mann, Omaha.
The Work there is to Do.
Henry C. McDougal, Madison.

Memorial Baptist Church.

8:00 P. M.—THE LIBERAL MINISTER:
His Equipment and Place.
Prof. G. R. Freeman of the Meadville Theological School.
Fifteen minute addresses:
W. W. Fenn, Chicago.
Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

All Souls Church.

9:00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING
10:00 A. M.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.
S. M. Crothers, St. Paul.
Fifteen minute addresses:
Arthur M. Judy, Davenport.
T. G. Milsted, Chicago, and others.

Council Hall.

12:00 M. to 2:00 P. M.—NOON LUNCH AND SOCIAL REUNION.

3:30 P. M.—THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

4:00 P. M.—ELECTION OF OFFICERS, and other business.

6:30 P. M.—CLOSING BANQUET. Grand Pacific Hotel. A Banquet will be tendered to all accredited delegates from outside of the city, free. Residents and visiting friends will be charged $1.50 per plate. Mr. Hosmer has been invited to act as Toast-Master. Those wishing to attend are requested to send their names to the chairman of Banquet Committee, J. B. Galloway, Tacoma B'ld'g.

The payment of not less than $10.00 to the Conference by any society, entitles said society to three general delegates, and an additional one for each thirty families therewith connected. Annual Membership, $1.00. Life Membership $25.00. Delegates alone entitled to vote.

1873. 1892.
THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

OBJECT: *To improve the quality of Sunday School publications, and to make our Sunday Schools effective nurseries of progressive, reverent and helpful churches.*

NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

All Souls Church.

2:00 P. M.—Reports of Secretary, Treasurer, Institute Secretary. Election of Officers and discussion of plans.

Annual Membership, $1.00. Life Membership, $10.00.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.

To the World's Fair.

10:00 A. M.—The Directory has thrown the World's Fair Grounds open to visitors on the payment of twenty-five cents admission fee. Arrangments has been made with licensed conveyances to take the party in carriages through the grounds, for twenty-five cents additional. Plans will be made to take the delegates together, Friday morning, on a tour of inspection, under suitable guidance.

2:00 P. M.—*Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn St.*

Meetings of the Directors-elect of the three organizations.

INVITATION.

All Souls Church desires to make as comfortable arrangements as possible for all who may attend the meetings of the Conference. So far as the capacity of our homes permits we cordially extend free hospitality to the friends in attendance. Beyond this we will be glad to make such arrangements for the visitors at private boarding-houses, family hotel in the neighborhood, or at the leading hotels in the center of the town, as they may wish, securing for them in every case, the lowest available rates.

It would greatly facilitate our work if we might receive the names of those who may be in attendance, as early as convenient, stating, when practicable, the preference as to private boarding-house, near hotel, or down-town hotel.

The church is one block west of Cottage Grove cable cars, on Oakwood Boulevard, within forty minutes' ride from the center of town.

Hoping to welcome a goodly delegation, whether previously announced or otherwise, we are, Fraternally yours,

MRS. S. W. LAMSON, 3991 Ellis Ave.
MRS. JOHN D. BANGS, 3461 Ellis Ave.
Hospitality Committee for All Souls Church.

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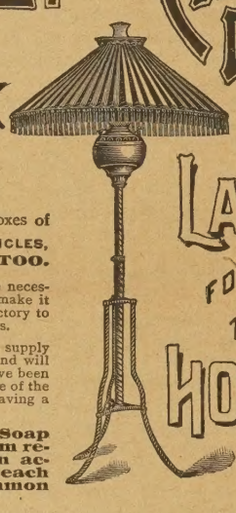

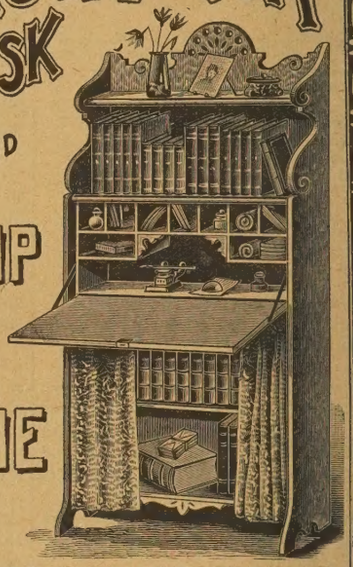

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It is a perfect and complete desk, and also has three roomy book shelves, a top shelf for bric-a-brac, seven pigeon-holes for papers, compartments for letter paper, ink, etc.

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If your library is already supplied with a desk, we suggest placing this in your guest chamber where this convenience will be greatly appreciated.

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